

## The Tragedie

*Dar.* A boone (my soueraigne) for my seruice done,  
*Kin.* I pray thee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.  
*Dar.* I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse graunt.  
*Kin.* Then speake at once, what is it thou demaundst?  
*Dar.* The forfeit (soueraigne) of my seruants life,  
 Who slew to day a ryotous gentleman.  
 Lately attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.  
*Kin.* Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,  
 And shall the same giue pardon to a slaue;  
 My brother slew no man, his fault was thought,  
 And yet his punishment was cruell death,  
 Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,  
 Kneeld at my feete and bad me be aduisde?  
 Who spake of brother-hood? who of loue?  
 Who told me how the poore soule did forsake  
 The mightie warwicke, and did fight for me?  
 Who told me in the field by Teuxburie,  
 When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me,  
 And said, deare brother, liue and be a King?  
 Who told me when we both lay in the field,  
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lappe me,  
 Euen in his owne garments and gaue him selfe  
 All thin and naked to the numb cold night?  
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath  
 Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you  
 Had so much grace to put it in my minde.  
 But when your carters or your waighting vassalles  
 Haue done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd  
 The precious Image of our deare Redeemer,  
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,  
 And vnjustly too, must graunt it you  
 But for my brother, not a mast would speake,  
 Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe,  
 For him, poore soule: The proudest of you all  
 Haue bene beholden to him in his life,  
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life:  
 Oh God, I feare thy iustice will take holde  
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (Exit.  
 Come Hastings, helpe me to my closet, oh poore Clarence

of Richa

*Glo.* This is the fruite of raw  
 How that the guiltie kindred o  
 Lookt pale when they did hear  
 Oh, they did vrge it still vnto  
 God will reuenge it. But come  
 To comfort Edward with our c  
*Enter Dutches of Yorke*  
*Boy.* Tell me good Granam,  
*Dut.* No boy.  
*Boy.* Why do you wring your  
 And crie, Oh Clarence my vn  
*Girl.* Why do you looke on  
 And call vs wretches, Orphane  
 If that our noble father be aliue  
*Dut.* My prettie Cosens, you  
 I do lament the sicknesse of the  
 As loth to loose him, not your f  
 It were lost labour to weepe for  
*Boy.* Then Granam you concl  
 The King my Vncle is too blam  
 God will reuenge it, whom I wil  
 With dayly prayers all to that e  
*Dut.* Peace children peace, th  
 Incapable and shallow innocent  
 You cannot gesse who causde yo  
*Boy.* Granam, we can: for my  
 Told me, the King prouoked by  
 Deuils impeachment to impris  
 And when he told me so he wept  
 And hugd me in his arme, and k  
 And bad me relie on him as on m  
 And he would loue me dearely a  
*Dut.* Oh that deceit should ste  
 And with a vertuous vizard hide  
 He is my sonne, yea and therein  
 Yet from my dughs he drew not t  
*Boy.* Thinke you my Vncle dic  
*Dut.* I Boy.  
*Boy.* I cannot thinke it, harken,